

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



MARCH, 1930

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BLUEBIRD

O Bluebird, dear Bluebird!
In carols most sweet,
Thank God, Who preserved thee
Through cold, snow, and sleet.

O Bluebird, dear Bluebird!
In warblings of joy
From heartache and labor
Thou wouldst me decoy.

O Bluebird, dear Bluebird!
With thee all rejoice;
Ah stay in our climate
Which now is thy choice!

O Bluebird, dear Bluebird!
Thy melodies bring
A message of gladness
That tells us of Spring.

Virgil Graber, '31

THE BLACK PILOT

"Look at King Lear take those curves" said one of the many curious people, who always hang around a race track before a big go-as-you-please.

"Yes, I see him all right. If His Royal Highness doesn't learn to slow up at the bends, one of these days he will make his last turn," prophesied another.

The man in question was Charlie Lear, the world famous race driver, known to the sporting public as King Lear. And a king he was, for his record showed that in every major competition in which he took a hand, he had finished as the winner. In some races, of course, he had not been able to come out on top because of trouble in the shape of motor, tires, wheels, and other parts. Absolutely fearless and an all-around driver, his forte was taking the curves at a speed that many dared not risk on a straight way. His superb skill and reckless daring had carried him unscathed through five years of strenuous sweepstaking in both America and Europe. This record gave him an overwhelming prospect to win the 250 mile Culver City Sweepstakes at Culver City, California.

Lear finished his practice spin around the two mile brick oval and drove into his pit where he was met by his manager and the pitmen. His manager, Joe McGrath, himself an ex-driver, who had gotten too old for the game, blurted out:

"Foolhardiness, Charlie! Save that stuff for an absolute pinch—and then don't use it. I don't care how good you are, sometime you will have an off-day, and ——."

"I'm running this car, not you" snapped Charlie,

"and I'll do as I please, even if you are supposed to be my manager."

"Just bear in mind what I said," returned Joe.

"You are not any good yourself, McGrath," retorted Lear, "and you do not want me to be any better. I've forgotten more about racing than you ever did or ever will know."

"All right then, do as you please," cut in McGrath as he left the pit, wondering why such a likeable fellow as Lear should get the swell-head over a little newspaper publicity.

The race was to be held on the twenty-fifth of the month, and on the morning of the twenty-fourth something happened on the track that caused a buzz of excitement. A car, painted a solid black, except for the white number 13, appeared on the track and qualified at a terrific speed. Immediately after finishing the test rounds, the car was driven off of the course. No one seemed to know who the pilot was, excepting the officials who smiled knowingly, but said nothing.

"I wonder who that bird is," mused Lear. "Nothing slow about him. Oh, well! I'll find out tomorrow."

Early the next morning the people began to arrive in crowds, and soon the standing room, besides the grandstand and bleacher seats, was taxed to capacity. The crowd waited patiently and applauded the few drivers who were trying to qualify at the last minute.

Finally all the entries drove out and took their positions. Lear had the pole position, and as he drove to his place he was greeted with thundering applause. The appearance of No. 13 astonished the people. It was not the unusual color of the car as

much as the occupant himself. Contrary to the custom of most drivers to dress in white, this driver was not only dressed in funeral black, but was also masked. Speculations were rife among the crowds, but the idea that seemed to satisfy everybody was that the black pilot must be some prominent person who wished to remain incognito, as it were, till the race should be won.

In the front row with Lear were No. 32 and No. 11, both excellent cars driven by famous pilots. In the second row next to the fence and directly behind Lear, was the mysterious No. 13. The other cars were quickly lined up in their allotted positions. While the mechanics were making a last minute inspection of their various charges, the pilots were smoking a hurried smoke, or were otherwise preparing for the long grind ahead of them.

The signal was given and the race was on. When the pacemaker had driven off after the first lap, Lear took the lead, determined to hold it for the remainder of the race at all costs. Behind him were No. 32 and No. 11, and then the black car, with the others strung out at intervals. Lear continued to hold the lead. No. 11 soon dropped to fourth place after being overtaken by the black mystery car which was steadily gaining. A couple more laps and the masked pilot was scarcely fifty feet behind Lear.

Lear glanced over his shoulder and saw the black car. Then began an exhibition of race driving that never before had been seen on the Culver track. Fearful of losing the lead, Lear began to show the skill that had earned for him the title of king. He took the curves at a speed which made the spectators hold their breath in admiration of his daring. But the black pilot did the same. Lear slid around the

curves on two wheels and then hugged the fence on the straightaway. But it was in vain. Whatever he did was duplicated by the pilot of the mystery car.

The race continued in this manner with a couple of stops by each car at its pit for gas, oil, tires or whatever else was needed. With the closest car three laps behind, the crowd had focused its attention on the two leading cars.

At the start of the last lap the black car passed Lear; but the king was not to be toppled from his throne so easily. Presently he was holding his former position with No. 13 again in second place. Try as he might, however, he could not put anything like distance between his own car and that of the black pilot.

Coming in on the home stretch, the black car seemed literally to leap ahead and pass Lear as if he had been standing still. Down came the checkered flag. Lear had lost his kingship to the unknown pilot.

After his car had stopped, Lear jumped out and ran up to the car that had beaten him. The black pilot was just leaving his car after having his picture taken dozens of times by newspaper men and news-reel photographers. He took off his mask and stood revealed to all—Joseph Patrick McGrath.

“McGrath!” exclaimed Lear.

“Yes, the old has-been,” grouchily came from McGrath, and then with a smile he added: “Sorry, Lear, you couldn’t have won too, but you know that I had to qualify to be your manager.”

The bands played, horns tooted, sirens shrieked,

the shouts of thousands rent the air, but above it all
rose the reply,

“The only medicine for my ailment, Mac, but
you don't have to rub it in.”

Both men enjoyed the hoax.

James Elliot, '31

THE HOLY HOUR

I long for the night, the night that solace bears,
From toil and strife that day by day unfold;
I wait for peace that burdens all my cares,
And gives me just one hour of priceless gold.

An hour when God and I are all alone,
And in this heart His solemn message tells;
An hour,—just one to me He will condone,
Oh there the fount of joy and comfort dwells!

The light of day has gone, and with it strife,
And now the darkness brings a peaceful rest,
For man has passed, and with him outer life.
Oh this, the hour of all the hours the best!

I do not care what other days may show,
What other years may bring to further pain,
One hour of perfect bliss to me, I know
Will bring me comfort ever to remain.

And so, O Lord, come down to me tonight,
Take Thou my soul for Thine, and soar above
With me in love and joy, in peace and might,
And let me listen to Your words of love.

John T. Spalding, '31

EARLY MONASTIC SCHOOLS OF IRELAND

Though many people may know much concerning prominent personages and important events that have their place in both ancient and modern history, yet there are likely to be few who possess even a chance acquaintance with the prodigious work accomplished in the old and far famed land of Tara during the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries by a large number of untiring and saintly monks. The absence of this knowledge may be caused by the fact that books treating of early Irish Monasticism are not readily accessible, and the more is the pity, for the benefits which Ireland and even continental Europe derived from the labors of the monks are, in truth, of incalculable value.

Naturally the question will arise respecting the provenance of the learning which was the share of the Irish monk and which enabled him to accomplish his tasks so exceedingly well. There can be no other answer to this question beyond the plain statement that he derived his learning and training from the schools inclosed within the walls of the monastery that belonged to the religious order of which he was a member. Before proceeding to consider these schools in particular, it will be well in place to glance at the character that was common to the Irish people in these early times.

That the Irish people could not be classed as a civilized people at the beginning of the period when monasticism made its way among them is abundantly evident from the manner in which they clung to the old pre-Christian "institutions, such as the Brehon law and the bardic schools of poetry", both of which

retained a strong claim upon their attention and national feeling. These were the days when the Red Branch cycle of saga-romance with its hero Cuchulain, and the similar Fenian cycle with its hero Finn Mac Cumhail still inspired clan prejudices that frequently resulted in bitter strife among the tribes. Religion at this time was still paganism which left its adherents devoid of by far the most of the finer things of life. The advent of the monastic schools did much to change these conditions even if they did not succeed in keeping clear of all pagan reactions at once. Perhaps it was well that they should not do so. Why, for instance, should the bardic schools be discounted? They could be made to serve Christian ideals as well as any other ideals. Besides they were schools that demanded intensive training, for, as it is said, "a bard had to spend from fifteen to twenty years in study; had to master over three hundred types of verse forms, and had to memorize three hundred and fifty stories". These schools in fact offered a desirable foundation upon which the monastic schools could readily construct their own educational system.

When the halls of the monasteries came to be the places of learning, one very outstanding change did occur. Clan feuds diminished with a resultant advantage to the entire population of Ireland. The schools of the monasteries formed a nucleus for cities and towns of which many are still existing at the present time. Life came to be more unified and secure in proportion to the progress made by intellectual life and culture. The principles of Christianity began to cut their way deep into the national consciousness and feeling of the people and were never again to be easily uprooted. In accomplishing this

work five monastic schools in particular took the lead. Others, of course followed, but these five deserve special comment however brief it may be consistent with the allowance of space.

St. Edna, who had been the chief of the powerful Oriel tribe in Ulster, upon his return from a sojourn in Scotland, received the island of Aran from the king of Cashel. Through his efforts the first monastic school of Ireland was founded on this island. Among his disciples St. Edna numbered many famous and learned men noteworthy among whom were St. Brenden of Clonfert, St. Ciaran of Clonmacnoise, St. Finnian of Moville, and especially the great missionary, St. Columba. It is extremely probable that nearly all the much famed saints of Ireland who belong to this period of her history spent some time at Aran, and later went forth from this place to found new schools and abbacies. On the island of Aran and on two islands near it, one may still see interesting ruins of ancient pagan forts and early Christian churches.

Aran, though the first monastery in Ireland, soon found itself outstripped in fame by that of Clonard in Neath. Its founder, St. Finnian, is spoken of as "the tutor to Ireland's saints". In fact twelve of his disciples were named "the twelve Apostles of Ireland". The combined school and monastery, as Finnian planned it, gave such exceptional educational advantages that, even though the number of pupils who attended this school is merely traditional, it may be supposed on good evidence to have reached the total of three thousand, an attendance that might well flatter the pride of many institutions in modern times. To be sure, student life was very different at that institution from what it is known to be at

present. A good authority in the history of Ireland's early centuries states that classes were conducted in the open with no other seats for the students than the grassy slopes of hill sides, and that they lived in huts built by themselves and procured their sustenance from the fields adjoining the institution. It may have been a hard way of living, but the students lived through it, and by doing so they furnished a lesson that many a latter day student will do well to contemplate.

It is with evident pleasure that anyone would write about the school at Clonfert for its founder, St. Brenden, has all the adventures that attend exploration associated with his name. Because of his memorable voyages he is known as "The Navigator", and it is firmly believed, though it is very improbable, that on one of his extensive voyages he discovered America. At any rate he founded the monastic school at Clonfert to which his personal attainments in scholarship gave noteworthy prestige. Thousands of students are said to have flocked to his school which for centuries continued to be the most famous and pretentious institution in western Ireland. As a contemporary with Clonmacnoise, it was a school in which Irish learning and culture were most carefully fostered. To the labors of the monks at Clonfert scholars are indebted for the record of early life in Ireland as well as for the preservation of the literary productions of the early writers of this land. Knowledge of old Irish laws, for instance, is still embodied in what is known to this day as "Brenden's Code".

Another monastic school, that of Moville, flourished successfully for nearly two centuries. It claims as its founder the same St. Finnian, who established

the school at Clonard. In time, Moville sank to secondary importance when the rising fame of a neighboring school at Bangor took away its patronage. There are works of St. Finnian, however, that date to this school, namely, a penitential code and a manuscript copy of the Latin Vulgate. A matter of interest connected with St. Finnian is a mixing of names. Some writers consider him identical with Fridian, Bishop of Lucca in Tuscany, but this mix-up no doubt, resulted from the inaccuracy of some middle-age legends in which the similarity of the two names led to confusion.

After a period of study at both Aran and Clonard, St. Ciaran with eight followers established the great school of Clonmacnoise. The site chosen for this institution was the banks of the celebrated river Shannon almost in the center of Ireland. This school rose rapidly in importance and in the beginning of the eleventh century, together with the school of Armagh, became the center of the most renowned teaching and learning in Ireland. Its treasures in manuscripts and books by far overreach those left by other schools, and it is the one great school that survived with some measure of vitality the terrible invasions of the Northmen.

Though the five schools mentioned were the most important, there were others in great number that aided materially in fostering and developing that learning which in later times was to benefit all Europe to so large an extent. It may be readily admitted, and that with good reason, that the future would have derived wonders in education, quite beyond the boldest guess, from this array of excellent schools if they had been permitted to continue their work, but the Northman's broadax, spear, and club

laid them waste long before Brian Boru succeeded in driving these furious marauders out of the land whose star of glory had risen so brilliantly with the work that St. Patrick had started. Though the battle of Clontarf in 1014 had freed Ireland from pagan invasions, yet its famous schools lay so deeply buried in ruins that there was no reasonable hope to put them firmly on foot again.

R. Boker, '31

ROBINS

It is morning now in springtime,
And the sun is shining clear,
While the robins come to charm us
With their gladness and their cheer.

They have passed the bleak cold winter
In a country far away;
Now they've come to sing among us
Through the live-long pleasant day.

By their chirping at our windows;
By their hopping on the lawn,
They suggest the sprightly freedom
Which they proudly boast in song.

They are welcomed, happy heralds,
For they tell that Spring will stay;
May they pipe their songs of gladness
Ever sweetly day by day.

R. Guillozet, '30

STOP WALKER

While most of the fellows in the locker-rooms were still bubbling over with joy because of their victory, Dick called out to Tom, who was ready to leave:

"Just a minute, personality plus; I've decided to give you a break by letting you walk home with me."

With the ecstasy of an Al Jolson, Tom replied:

"Sonny boy! After what you did in tonight's game, I'd grow a beard waiting, just to be able to walk home with you. Snap out of it; I'll be waiting out in front."

Dick was delayed by his teammates, congratulating him on the whale of a game he had played. When he arrived a few minutes late, Tom greeted him:

"Well, carbon-copy of Nat Holman! Here you are at last! You're taking a lot for granted, making me wait for you like this. Now that you won today's basketball game, you start acting like the old maid who had her face lifted so high that she couldn't look under the beds."

When Tom came up for air, Dick quickly came back with an apology that sounded something like this:

"Kick, knock, kick,—there's something wrong with a man when he constantly kicks. You're like an old motor—your radiator is boiling over—you'd better have the carbon removed—you're liable to blow a cylinder-head—it sounds like a loose wrist pin to me—you should see a good mechanic."

Kidding each other, both fellows arrived at their

homes in good spirits. After a hard-fought victory, their beds looked most inviting.

Tom Clark and Dick Tobin were seniors at Central College. Near the little lake, at the extreme end of the campus, they first met. It was only their second day at college, when, with a group of other freshmen, they became victims of the sophomore hazing crew. Then and there they began to realize how big one freshman looks to another, when far away from home. That was four years ago. Now all they owed to that forced alliance could not be estimated. Both had many things in common. They chose the same sports, and at this time, would rather miss a meal than basketball practice. During their senior year both men made the basketball team. In fact, during his junior year, Tom held the reputation of being a guard, second to none on the squad. But all Dick's persistent determination to do his utmost for the team, gave him a place next to the coach—on the bench.

The basketball season was still young, when in an exciting part of one of the big games, while dribbling, Tom tripped, fell, and sprained his ankle. When the coach learned the seriousness of Tom's injury, he turned to the line of eager substitutes. Dick it was, who reported to the referee. This offered Dick his second opportunity to show what he could do in a big game. His first, was a five minute tragedy in a struggle with a traditional rival. This time he was determined to concentrate every effort and spend every ounce of reserve power in making a good showing.

After the game, most of his teammates held him responsible for the victory, because he played with

so much skill and fight. Even the coach congratulated him. That was the night Tom said he'd grow a beard waiting to walk home with him. The unexpected skill manifested in Dick's playing that night not only made him one of the most popular fellows on the campus, but it also gave him the assurance of becoming a regular on the team, at least until Tom's ankle got better.

In the next two games, Dick filled the bill so well at guard, that Tom began to wonder if he'd ever have a chance of becoming a regular again. Yet it was the fixed opinion of his teammates that the coach saw something in Tom which most of the spectators never even noticed,—that something which enabled him to pull the team out of pinches. Though Dick did not cause his team to lose any games through lack of ability, yet with Tom out of the game, the coach felt that victory was less secure. This indefinable quality which was Tom's, was so outstanding that the captain of the team, through jealousy, did all he could to make Tom's basketball career miserable.

On the eve of the season's biggest game, with the college town overrun by highly excited friends and relatives of the students, Dick came racing to Tom's room.

"Listen Tom," he gasped, "get set for this one! John Huber, our captain, with his gang, started for the coach's house. They intend to demand a change in the lineup. They want you out!—"

Tom groaned: "And to think that I'm really the cause of all that!"

"It's all their fault, not yours," defended Dick.

"I know—but I can't play tonight with such a bunch of punk sports or before a hostile crowd."

"Just jealous" continued Dick, "so stop worrying. Why even the best basketball players in the world would be affected by what you're going through. Chuck it all, kid, before you lose confidence in yourself."

A rap sounded on the door; the voice of the coach came through:

"Tom, let me in."

Tom walked to the door and unlocked it. The coach burst in; he closed the door behind him and said:

"I was afraid I wouldn't get here in time; afraid that the flim-flam of those hoodlums might keep you both from showing up before the game, so I came up to get you. Get your coats and come with me. It's almost time for the game. About the rest—stop worrying."

"Even at that" said Tom ruefully to Dick, while they were putting on their coats; "if I hadn't been out of the game for three weeks on account of my ankle, and got all out of practice, this wouldn't be happening."

"Well Tom, for gosh sakes," broke in Dick, "what more proof do you want? Didn't the coach tell you last evening, after practice, that you were back in your old form? I'd throw my grandfather overboard if he thought you didn't have the stuff after what the coach told you last night, during practice."

Washington's five took the floor first and before the cheers had died away, the Central stands came to their feet with a booming roar to greet their warriors. Central's cheers were accompanied by a groan of protest, belched forth from a group of Tom's enemies, when they saw that he was going to start.

"This is an outrage! Our biggest game, and the coach puts in a man who's been out of the game for more than three weeks! Captain Huber told us that Tom made a poor showing in practice this week. Dick's been playing like a wildcat. We want Dick!"

Tight-lipped, painfully conscious that a group of spectators were buzzing remarks about him, most of them uncomplimentary, Tom started the game. He was to guard Walker, star forward of the Washington team—"Stop Walker" had been yelled at many of the pep-meetings of the students—A piercing shriek rose as Walker made the first basket. Faster than one could write it he dribbled under the basket to make another; and then another, when Tom, who jumped up, took the ball off the backboard and unconsciously passed it right into Walker's hands. The shrieks then began to deepen into groans of anguish as the over-anxious guard seemed to be throwing the game away.

"Take him out," that hostile group boomed.

"Poor Tom!" thought the coach. "He's too excited and worked up about what happened this evening."

Then turning to Dick, he said: "All right Dick; report to the referee."

When Tom saw Dick coming in, he said: "No! No! Not me! Let me stay in."

"The bench," ordered the referee, "make it snappy."

It seemed as though fate had decreed that his real chance to prove his worth to his enemies should pass by fruitlessly. Here he was going out of the game when it had scarcely commenced, humiliated, beaten.

During the half rest, Dick walked up to the coach:

"I don't feel like playing," he choked; "to think of Tom! I'll always claim it was a fluke. Wouldn't happen that way again in a million years, but of course it had to happen to him tonight. Coach, give him another chance,—for my sake."

The coach said nothing; he thought there was nothing to say. And the fact that he sent Dick back into the game indicated to the hostile crowd that he no longer placed so much confidence in Tom.

The last ten minutes of this game will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. The fireworks started a few minutes after Dick, who sprained his ankle in a tussle for the ball, had been taken out. Tom was sent in to take his place. Washington was then leading by five points. But with Tom back in the game, in less than two minutes, Walker added three points to this lead. First he dribbled around Tom to make an easy pot-shot. Then Tom fouled in a desperate attempt to stop him.

"We'd have a chance if Dick could have stayed in the game. Why did the coach ever send Tom back in? He lost this game for us in the very beginning. That fellow never could play basketball."—This from Central's rooters.

Just then Tom heard the coach: "Come on Tom; show 'em why I picked you to start this game."

The next time Walker came dribbling down the floor, Tom—accidentally, as that hostile group put it—took the ball away from him. This made Walker angry. He tried again and again to dribble past Tom, only to have the ball taken away in every at-

tempt. The angrier he grew the easier it became for Tom to get the ball from him.

"Like taking candy away from a baby" said Dick to the coach.

During this time Central's offense had been clicking—Tom's old-time spirit was seeing them through again—the gap between the scores was quickly closing. Washington was suffering, losing confidence and morale, through the actions of their star, Walker. At length Walker looked so foolish because of Tom's clever guarding that the Washington coach decided to replace him in a last minute attempt to save the game—Washington was still nursing a one-point lead. Not long after the substitution had been made, Tom got the ball in the middle of the floor, and stood looking for a man to whom he might pass.—Silence—then as a single voice, a tremendous roar burst from the Central stands:

"SHOOT!_!_!"—and Tom shot.

"He made it!" came from the frenzied coach in a half-sob.

Pandemonium broke out as the gun sounded while the ball slipped, with a determined 'swish', through the net. Tom was instantly the center of a victory-crazed mob.

In the locker room, Tom was pummeled and slapped good-naturedly by admirers who waited there for him. He fought away, only to be seized by Dick, who was at him with a rush, pushing and pulling him all over the place, doing an "ad libitum" Varsity Drag with as much grace and action as he ever showed on the hardwood court.

"Hey, hey—where's that sprained ankle?" cried Tom—and slowly it filtered through Tom's under-

standing: Tom's really-sprained ankle had given Dick his chance—and Dick had repayed by feigning injury to give Tom the chance to come back—and what a comeback! Tom began to speak—but just then a shamefaced, ruefully smiling and thoroughly chastened Captain Huber horned in on the party.

Joseph Herod, '30

WHEN SENTIMENTALISTS WERE FOILED

When the Greek dramatist, Euripides, staged his favorite play, "Alcestis", people flocked from far and near to witness this much advertised production. The event was not only a gala day and feast in honor of the god of biblomania, Dionysus, but it provided an occasion for people to display a supercilious attitude toward Euripides, who had become tabooed as an outlaw in the dramatic profession. In place of sneers and jibes, however, which they intended to bestow upon the author of this play, the audience grew wild with enthusiasm as the successive scenes fascinated and gripped them. Neither did they act otherwise at that age, now so far distant in the past, than they do today when they throng to a play house where a 'good show' is being presented. Of course the people of "the day before yesterday"—to use Professor Robinson's well chosen phrase—were attracted by the same qualities which somehow seem to make the present age akin to theirs, namely; keen power of analysis, fondness for beauty, splendid originality, vigorous imagination, and a 'headliner.'" But does it not appear astonishing that at so early a time as that in which Euripides wrote, these qualities should be so well understood that they were

aimed at in plays, and were not only aimed at, but in reality used with good effect? One need but read "Alcestis" and that, too, only hurriedly, to discover everyone of the qualities as here enumerated.

The power of analysis becomes evident upon one's first meeting with Euripides. His characters run as true to form as do the characters of George Eliot. In "Alcestis" above all, this remarkable power is manifest. No doubt, this fact has something to do with the attitude which the characters in this play show towards life, for in all their actions they show themselves to be good, god-fearing people. This attitude is all the more surprising since Euripides was much of a rationalist in his mode of thinking. But, perhaps, he realized that to do something worth while he would have to relegate his rationalism to the rear of his head and make an appeal to that most soul-stirring element in human life, namely, religion. Naturally, in his day as now, if noble, self-sacrificing womanhood was to be the subject of a literary production true piety would have to hold sway and not the scoffing of the rationalist.

Euripides loved beauty and reveled in it. Even a rationalist could do as much, and it may be due to his worldliness in thought that made him turn to sensual beauty rather than to its spiritual conceptions. Beauty, however, is the outstanding element in every character and actuates every character in all the situations that arise. That many of the people who came to witness "Alcestis" with hopes to amuse themselves by ridicule and sarcasm were foiled, can only be due to the engaging beauty that is so thoroughly characteristic of this play.

Although it is common with critics to give Euripides a lower rating in imaginative powers than

Aeschylus, yet it would be hard to discover any passage in the "Agamemnon" that would surpass in cunning, originality, force and novelty the scene in which Hercules is sent as a messenger to the underworld to rescue Alcestis, the wife of Admetus, from the clutches of Pluto. This scene as found in the "Alcestis"—and it is but one of many—indicates that if Aeschylus manifests a titanic grasp of a play in its completeness, Euripides is no less penetrating and forceful in grasping and in lining-up the incidents that logically belong to the completeness of a scene. If only the scene might be interesting, the structure and the unity of the play as such could not engage the interest of Euripides.

But why did the Greeks learn to like Euripides who dared so boldly to outrage their tastes? It took considerable courage to fly in the face of the Greek public with anything that violated accepted standards of perfection in the fifth century before Christ. But Euripides did so with serene composure because he had learned the meaning of the saying, "Never explain!" He would foil his audiences in their expectations; he would trample their standards under foot; he would run counter to their most cherished wishes, all because he knew that people who could see would understand him, and that those who could not see could not be convinced by any amount of explanation. Caustic remarks were of no more use in his mind than is dust in a hurricane.

Can it be said, and that truly, that attacks launched by ultra conservatives on innovations will shield these innovations against rebuffs rather than uproot them—will give them only the more chance to become deeply grounded in the hearts of men? It seems so. There is in human nature a peculiar per-

versity which tolerates nothing that is "ultra" in any matters whatsoever pertaining to human life. The Greeks with all their philosophy apparently did not understand this simple fact, and hence their jibes, their sneers, and their sarcasm could not undo Euripides. Just as they were ultra anxious to secure perfection; just so they were ultra ferocious in their abuse. They had firmly concluded that Euripides could not produce anything that might flatter their overly refined sense of beauty, but when they saw in "Alcestis" a depth of human tenderness quite beyond what they had expected, they for once were foiled; they were puzzled; they were taken aback. Such sympathy with human misery, such picturesqueness in imagery, such delicacy of language as that found in "Alcestis" they had not considered to be within the range of Euripides, and in place of making coarse demonstrations against him, they calmly gave him a place in their esteem which he never ceased to hold.

Leonard Cross, '31

VISION OF THE BLIND.

I, with my mind's great eye;
He with his sensitive nose,
Together drank in the exquisite sight
Of a full-blown sun-kissed rose.

A pause, and I told him true
I thought it must be fair.
He smiled in his own quaint way and then said
He found Jehovah there.

Ed Binsfeld, '31

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EDITORIAL

Supplied with an unlimited amount of reading matter the modern library seems to satisfy every variety of hunger experienced by those who love book-reading. If one should go in quest of historical events or of fiction; or if one should intend to make scientific research or plan an exploration, a trip to the nearest library; a selection of the required books, and a return home to the easy chair in the living room will represent the sum total of the effort demanded to meet all requirements. The mere book-

worm, however, for whom any library appears to be nothing more than a fairy land for browsing and loafing, will usually not discover anything that is worth while as he ambles up and down among the shelves of books because he has no aim in view, and if perchance one thing or another should attract his attention, it will surely be nothing more than a bit of fiction.

For persons, however, who have become acquainted with the six chief forms of literature, and who recognize the nature and purpose of each one of these forms, the choice of a book will always be a simple matter. For them either the ancient or the modern, just as their aim and purpose dictate, will be at hand to meet their needs. It is, indeed, for the sake of satisfying the taste of these persons that the "Universal Readers" try to cover as much of the field of literature as their space will allow. These "Readers" do not hesitate to present that which is hoary and aged as well as that which is new and modern. And why should they? Is a work useless just because it antedates the Christian era, or because it reaches back to the time of Christ? What about the Bible anyway? Outside of its religious character, does it not offer the most beautiful specimens of the six chief forms of literature that anybody could look for?

"Unmatched in purity of thought, in profound understanding of the problems of life, and in depth of spiritual insight," such is the tribute given by Richardson and Owen in their work entitled "Literature of the World" to the Bible, which as a book is as enduring as "The Rock of Ages". With its poetic imagery which is neither bombastic nor trivial, with

its transparent narrative, the Bible affects a universal appeal. It is a library in itself comprising as it does seventy-two books of a widely different character, yet there is no other work in all the domain of letters whose divisions are so strictly united in one central purpose and theme. Ought a masterpiece of this nature be neglected just because it is old? In this case the old is ever new.

ADRIFT

Wild the billows surge and toss around me
Upon the main of Life's tempest'ous sea;
High dash the mighty waves with weighty force
In their attempt to drive me from my course
Against the rocks well hidden from my sight
And deeply buried in the grave of night.

Carried like the frail and mossy sea weed,
With listless aim, I drift where ease may lead,
Though oft I strive to quell the maddened storm,
Yet ill winds laugh at the resolves I form—
Without a rudder, crashing on a shoal,
I flounder in the struggle toward my goal.

O, Holy Mary, guide my scuttling bark,
And lead me safely through the gloom and dark!
O point the way through tempests and through night
To soothing peace illumed with morning light;
There let me hear your welcome's sweet report
And help me bring my shattered bark to port!

V. J. Pax, '30

EXCHANGES

Well, this is spring! There are many indications that this is an agreeable and certain fact. By now everybody is firmly convinced that he has seen the first robin, has got himself stung by the first bee, and that he does not have to get up in time to see the sun rise. An attack of spring fever is just in the offing with its usual invitation to loaf and dream. These things remind us that within a short time the school season will come to its close, and that there are only a few more issues of the Collegian in prospect, that is, under the management of the present staff.

The Exchange Editor of the Collegian feels that sometimes, in fact quite often, he has been, as one might say, too liberal in doling out good things while commenting on the value and merit of the several exchanges that reach his desk. He feels conscious of handing out too many "Bouquets", and he fears that to the nature of his criticisms there clings a certain aroma that suggests flattery more than it does just opinion as to merit or demerit. After the reviews have been made there is always that ugly scrupulous feeling as to whether the judgment given was correct, and the words of an old, popular song usually creep into his mind:

"I may be wrong, but I think you're wonderful,
I may be wrong, but I think you're swell,
I like your style, I think its marvelous,
I'm always wrong, so how can I tell?"

Picking up a number of Exchanges from among the mail one morning, the cover of one of the journals

drew attention immediately—the picture of a large bird with a grotesque beak, and such immense wings that they almost flapped out loud! “What a wonderful bird is the Pelican, he can hold enough in his beak to last him a week!” Now the remarkable part about the bird that flies from Nazareth College, Louisville, Kentucky, only twice a year, is that consequently it has to carry a supply of Literary Food sufficient to last for six months! THE PELICAN (now meaning the journal), seems to be rather competent in performing this task, and as a result it is very successful in this undertaking.

The title “The Red-Stained Beak” seemed to indicate that a good short story was to follow. On perusing the various paragraphs, however, the heading refers to “The Pelican emblematic of that spiritual society which is always giving of its life-blood to feed the souls of its children” in the Church. A well written and descriptive short story bears the name, “The Strategist Outwitted”. In “Kentuckiana,” a digest of the pioneer settlers in that State unfolds the hardships and strenuous labor that was required to plant the Cross of Faith in what is known as “the great mother-state of the Western Church”, Kentucky. Nowhere in this edition can the statement be found, “Patronize our Advertisers, they make this edition possible”. A sport section, as well as a wee-bit of humor would tend to give the magazine a more complete setting.

CALVERT NEWS, Calvert High School, Tiffin, Ohio. Every month, probably for years and years, this faithful high school has sent us her campus sheet. It is just another lively message that floats around to cheer anyone who is fortunate enough to have an opportunity of reading it. School spirit,

galore! Little articles like, "I love School—And How!", catchy poems, as for instance, "A Lucky Break", and a well represented sport section, make this paper most interesting, even though most events are local only to members of Calvert. In Alumni Notes, we noticed an article which ran something like this, "Has anyone heard whether Russ Gillig, '28, got back to school on time?" It seems that "Russ" and his room-mate did get back on time—and how!

THE LOYOLA QUARTERLY, (L. U.) Chicago, Ill., discusses a timely problem under the caption, "Catholic Lay Action". The points emphasized in this article carry so much weight that in our opinion the entire write-up ought to be circulated more widely than a school publication will permit. It is altogether superfluous to say that the article is well written and readable for these qualities show themselves in every contribution that this Quarterly contains, but there is thought and suggestion here that readers will do well to note. "What Price Prosperity?" contains a question that concerns everybody very intimately at the present time. The editorial, "Inferiority Complex", brings information that is worth reading. We want to say that we appreciate the "Drama" and the "Book Shelf" for the reason that we have found them serviceable because of the criticisms they offer of the newest plays and of the latest books. For us the "Loyola Quarterly" serves as a standard to gauge the merit of our other exchanges.

The January issue of THE SIGMA coming from the Spalding Institute at Peoria offers an interesting contrast between Shakespeare's Macbeth" and Van Dine's "The Green Murder Case" in which the writer is at much pains to point out the similarity and dis-

similarity between the two plays. He is shrewd enough to realize which of the two plays is the better, even though he does not hesitate to bring matters right down to a square issue. We would gladly welcome more stories and verse in The Sigma. The sport section and humor column are handled with that care and attention which make them very good among their kind.

Twice a month THE CENTRIC, arrives from Central Catholic High School, Toledo, Ohio. The fact that all items are written up in a clever manner shows that experienced writers are on the staff who possess a good sense of humor, together with plenty of enthusiasm. For a paper of the size of THE CENTRIC to publish three essays, is rather out of the ordinary. Of course, all three being prize essays, have already received their share of comment. Just in passing, one might say that good thought has been expressed in especially the one that took first prize. Most campus sheets, in order to possess a literary tinge, contain a few seasonal poems. Please favor us with some poetry. We know Toledo has turned out wonderful lyrists in the past. Comment must also be given to the sport writers, who are not afraid to admit defeat in the write up, and do not try to pull off some excuse for an occasional lost game.

We are grateful for the following exchanges received during the last month: ABBEY STUDENT; THE BELL; BLACK AND RED; BLUE AND WHITE; BROWN AND WHITE; CEE AY; CHRONICLE; COLLEGIAN; COLORED HARVEST; COUNSELOR; DE PAUL PREP; FIELD AFAR; FRAM; GOOD NEWS; GOTHIC; GREEN AND WHITE; H. C. C. JOURNAL; HIGH LIGHTS AND SHADOWS; HOUR GLASS; INKLINGS; JEFFERSONIAN;

LOOK AHEAD; LOYOLA NEWS; MARIAN; MEGAPHONE; NAZARENE; NOTRE DAME NEWS; PERISCOPE; PILGRIM; PRINTCRAFTERS; PURPLE AND WHITE; RED AND BLUE; RED AND WHITE; RENSSELAERIAN; SIGMA; SPOTLIGHT; SPOTLITE; TELL TALE; TOWER; VINCENTIAN; VISTA; VOICE; WAG; WENDELETTE.

LIBRARY NOTES

If a check-up were to be made of all the literature that is perused by the reading public, it would be found that the novel is the form of literature that at present appeals to the widest circle of readers. Biography ranks next, and all "Best Seller" sections of magazines and newspapers seem to indicate that it is gaining on the novel. Some of the more inquisitive may ask, "Why the sudden interest in biography?" or, "What change has taken place in this field of literature to arouse such eager enthusiasm among readers?" Perhaps some answer to these queries may be gleaned from this article.

Recently, almost entirely since the end of the great war, a school of biographers has grown up called by others and often by its members, "modern biographers" or the "new biographers". The protagonists and practitioners of the "new biography" profess to have developed a new literary style. Among the leaders are the three Englishmen, Lytton Strachey, Harold Nicolson, and Philip Guedalla; the Frenchmen, Andre Maurois; the German, Emil Ludwig; and the American, Gamaliel Bradford. Other lesser names might be mentioned, but these have been chosen partly because of their outstanding achieve-

ments and partly because each, to a greater or lesser degree, has given his theories of of biographical writing, his confession of faith of the why and how of this so-called new and different form of biography.

Lytton Strachey, by common agreement the father of modern biography, and known for his "Eminent Victorians", "Queen Victoria", and "Elizabeth and Essex", remarks that often "we do not reflect that it is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as it is to live one." He remarks further, speaking of the older biographies, "These volumes with which it is our custom to commemorate the dead, are as familiar as the cortege of the undertaker—and often one is tempted to suppose, of some of them, that they were composed by that functionary as the final item of his job."

Andre Maurois has given us the fullest exposition of the theory of the new biography. He believes that the modern biography differs from the old both in motive and in method. The old biography was chiefly commemorative and didactic, and sometimes was written to order for a publisher, either by a member of the family, or even by the subject himself in advance of his death. Maurois also criticises the old biographer for his attitude of hero-worship in that he merely describes the mask which the public knows or at least the man he would like the public to believe in, rather than the man as he is known to his friends and himself. He refuses to look behind the mask.

In praising Lytton Strachey as the leader of the school of modern biography, Maurois says, "He is no hero-worshipper; on the contrary, he is a hero-wrecker and an idol-breaker." He grants, however, that if this new type of biography were written for the pleasure of destroying heroes, it would be a

"rather despicable art", and admits that Strachey himself has in some instances been "a shade nastier than is really fair". But he maintains that the modern biographers have one thing in common; their refusal to paint masks, their desire to get to the real man. In spite of their brutal sincerity they must be given credit for their genuine respect for truth.

Emil Ludwig, well-known for his portraits of military leaders and officials, has made himself famous by his biographies, "Bismarck, the Story of a Fighter", and "Napoleon". He considers the biographer of today as a portraitist, "who begins with the concept of a character and searches in the archives for the material he will use in the completion of his character sketch". He further insists that a biographer must be a psychologist, and "skilled through both intuition and training in interpreting a character by the symptoms of his behavior." He must himself be a genius, and draw upon the resources of his own mind in order to show his readers that men are essentially the same, though different in actions and temperament.

It is to Gamaliel Bradford, that we Americans look with pride. Chief among his works are "American Portraits", dealing with such famous characters as Sidney Lanier, Mark Twain, and Grover Cleveland; "Lee, the American", on which he worked for ten years; and "Portraits of American Women". The "Atlantic Monthly" has said, "More than any other living man, Bradford uncovers the richness and charm of our American heritage." He is quite opposed to Ludwig's idea that a biographer is a portraitist. He says that "as a portrait painter it is possible to portray a man at only one moment of his career, and depict his character in only one place,

one situation, one set of conditions and circumstances." Instead of a biographer he calls himself a psychographer, telling us that psychography is the attempt to portray character, and "it picks, chooses, and rejects, keeping only that which is precious and invaluable". Bradford's method involves a complete disregard of chronology, thus differing from the methods of the other new biographers.

One critic, commenting on a horde of recent biographers all written in this new style or at least according to the superficial formula, says that "they are not true biographies at all, but are the work of second rate novelists or first rate journalists, who have simply jazzed up earlier biographies in order to make them picturized and more readable." Another tendency in such biographical writing is its drift toward the novel. The new biographer too often involves such a romanticizing of his biographical materials as to bring it perilously near to fiction.

In order not to close on too pessimistic a note, it can be said, at least, that these new, brief, vivid, readable biographies are read in much greater numbers than are the full length biographies, and by readers who would be repelled at the inordinate length of the two or three volume and especially the six volume biographies of old. Not infrequently also these same readers end by turning to the great full-length, indispensable biographies which they at first rejected because of their length and uninteresting style.

Spring bursts today,

For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play.

—Christina G. Rossetti—An Easter Carol.

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

When the last plaudits of the audience had voiced their praise of the College Orchestra's rendition, "Romantique", Thomas Durkin, vice-president of the C. L. S., introduced the Washington's Birthday Program with a timely talk on "Good Fellowship". Daniel Nolan, the new president, delivered an eloquent inaugural address entitled "The Catholic Church and Education".

Paul Popham, the immobile statue of purity and innocence, and Henry Bucher, the would-be intelligent young man, entertained the audience in a very commendable manner with a humorous dialogue, "Solid Ivory".

The debate scheduled for this program entitled, "Resolved that Intercollegiate Athletics are detrimental," was contested by Thomas Durkin and John Kraus. Both debaters presented very good arguments in a convincing manner, but the decision of the judges was given to the negative, John Kraus.

Fred Moore's interpretation of "Gun Shy", a pleasant monologue, gave the audience an example of what little Freddie from Bardstown, Kentucky, is capable of doing.

The fact that the audience would not be satisfied until an encore number had been played is sufficient proof that Jim Maloney's saxophone solo, "Martinelli" was excellent. He was accompanied by Professor Tonner on the "Baby Grand". Between the acts of the final number the orchestra again won merit for itself by playing an old favorite, "La Paloma".

The concluding number of the program was a

two-act comedy, "The Law Suit". In this play two country gentlemen, Herr Schulze played by Herman Reineck and Herr Lohman acted by Hugo Uhrich, are involved in a law suit over a worthless pond which each claims by inheritance, bill of sale, prescription, and various other legal documents. One night both are accidentally thrust into the same cell of the city jail for slight misdemeanors. Then, having gradually overcome their prejudices, they learn that each had been partly wrong and that the law suit would cost them more than the pond is worth. Consequently they agree to own the pond jointly and to become partners in a new mill which they intend to erect. The lawyer who is thereby cut out of his fees was portrayed by Russell Gillig. The other characters who helped to make the play a success were Robert Weis as Kropp, the jail warden; Joseph Herod, the policeman; and the heavily bearded Michael Fromes as the ever-alert but timorous night watchman. You know Mike really made a big 'hit' since he displayed such a strong voice that all felt convinced that he really had "activity in the diaphragm and passivity in the throat."

Barely has the C. L. S. staged one performance when another play is in the making. At present the cast of "The Time of His Life" is working to create the grand prelude for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

On February 8 the Dwenger Mission Unit invited all the residents of Collegeville to be its guests. The occasion was the presentation of an interesting set of stereopticon mission slides entitled "Our First Americans". This selection was of particular interest

to the members of St. Joseph's College since it brought back memories and stories about our own former Indian School just across the Jackson Highway. To Charles Baron is due credit and praise for having read the lecture which explained the slides as Brother Joseph Minch reflected them on the screen. In connection with this program the Sophomore Octet, under the direction of Father Omlor, sang a number of appropriate songs, accompanied on the piano by John Talbot Spalding.

The annual Short Story Contest of the D. M. U. is now open. Again here is a chance for Dwengerites to exhibit their writing abilities and to win a prize. The grand prize will be a \$5.00 gold piece, and the winning story will be printed in the May issue of the Collegian. Then to the writer of the best story from each class \$1.00 will be awarded. Those of you who did not write for the Song Contest as well as those who did, come now and try in this contest. It's really worth while!

THE NEWMAN CLUB

It seemed that the audience really appreciated the musical selections played by the College Orchestra during the Newman Club's Literary Program on March 2, for during the sweet strains of "Stolen Kisses" by Walter Rolfe, the audience was so silent and attentive that even the wee notes of Anthony Krapf's piccolo were at times audible. That is the attitude which not only the members of the orchestra appreciate but also those lovers of good music who form a part of the audience.

In his introductory speech the vice-president of the Newman Club, Alexander Leiker, pointed out

the important role which "Enthusiasm" plays in the success of every great achievement. Both the manner in which he handled his topic and his delivery were very praiseworthy. Following the introductory speech came the Inaugural Address of the new president, Robert Nieset. His speech, "The New Biography" was wonderful. It was even more than could be expected, and in delivery it was so good that no little praise is therefore due to the Newman's president, Robert Nieset.

Louis Hess and Chester Pawlak debated a question which proved a bit too difficult for them to handle with ease. The point under consideration was "Resolved that it is right to break unjust laws." After the judges had convened the president announced that their decision was in favor of Chester Pawlak, the negative.

Chester Kruczek's difficult but beautifully played coronet solo, triple-tongued "Polka", rang clear and soft through the auditorium, and was greeted with such bursts of applause as demanded an encore number. Unfortunately, however, the rise of the curtain for the dialogue, "Cuckoo Come-backs" prevented his gratifying the audience with another selection. And again it was Professor Tonner, director of the College Orchestra, who played the piano accompaniment.

In their dialogue L. Gollner, the six-foot marshal, and B. Hartlage who is slightly smaller, showed that they make good teammates not only in real life but also on the stage. The enjoyment furnished by "Cuckoo Come-backs" was equal to that afforded by any other recent dialogue.

To introduce the crowning feature of the program, a two act play "Golden Silence", the orchestra played an appropriate number, "The Rosary", by

Ethelbert Nevin in a very pleasing manner. The plot presents an atheist, Doctor Schole, who visits the Keelers on the evening of George Keeler's return from the Eucharistic Congress. The doctor fears that he will be bored by an evening of discussion of the Congress between George and his loving wife, Betty. Instead, however, George and his wife purposely refrain from discussing the wonderful event because they do not wish to incense the doctor against their religion especially since Betty and the doctor had already entered into a heated argument concerning religion and God's demonstration of His attitude towards the Congress by the shower of rain and hail. This demonstration the doctor claimed was a proof of disfavor, while Betty compared the shower to tears of joy. By the tactful "Golden Silence" of the married couple the doctor is forced to contemplate that most wonderful spectacle all the more. As a result he begins to sense the light of truth. Then having acquired faith in God he is gradually won over to Christianity.

The acting of Fred Cardinali, the unbelieving doctor, was enhanced by his singing two beautiful songs, "Dream Mother" and "The Rosary". As Betty Keeler, Aloys Phillips made a striking appearance of graceful and loving womanhood. Her husband, George Keeler, was played by Clarence Rable with that sturdy manliness which has always characterized Clarence. A fourth character, Gran'pa Bart, the local telegraph agent, made perhaps the greatest hit of the evening. In this role Charles Mitchell gave one of the best interpretations of an old crony that has ever been seen on the local stage. His every movement and word were in perfect keeping with the character he represented.

Thus it was evident that the second public program of the Newman Club was a huge success, and it is with a feeling of satisfaction in their past achievements that the Newmanites resolve to crown their year's work with a third public appearance. This final program will be in the form of a three act play to be given within the next few months.

ALUMNI NOTES

"Man proposes, but God disposes" may well have been the dying words of Thomas Ronayne of Detroit, Michigan. Thomas was graduated from St. Joseph's in '25 after which he entered Sacred Heart Seminary in his home town where he remained but two years. Ill health compelled him to abandon his studies, and at the close of two years of suffering death came to take him to his eternal reward. We of St. Joseph's think of his passing from this life with sincere regrets.

The staff certainly appreciates the compliment given to the Collegian by Joseph Schill, St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. Joseph, in your recent letter you give clear evidence that you enjoy the Collegian. The "money-gatherer" (business manger) of whom you take note means to thank you for remembering him. Of course all here at St. Joseph's are in accord with everybody at St. Gregory's in the hope that commencement day will come handy for all the old boys to visit their Alma Mater.

It becomes a sorryful duty to record in these pages the death of another greatly esteemed alumnus, Rowland F. Kreutzer, of the class of '14. Although Mr. Kreutzer was confined to his bed but a few weeks

before his death, yet he had suffered from illness for several years. After being graduated from St. Joseph's, he made his home at Peru, Indiana, where he was a well-known and prominent citizen. All at St. Joseph's extend sympathies to Mr. Kreutzer's relatives and friends in the sad bereavement caused by his death.

"Everybody feels happy and quite at home at St. Charles. Although college days are now joys of the past, yet, many fond memories of those good old days are recalled by the Collegian." These and other happy thoughts are expressed by Robert Neumeyer C. PP. S., St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio. We of the staff are particularly proud to hear that you enjoy the Collegian and we shall endeavor to keep you remembering your Alma Mater.

In answer to the few comments that were in the February issue of the Collegian, Joe Hartmann writes the following:

Dear Friend,

Since, in the February Collegian, you give evidence of some regard for my personal welfare, I think it would be best for me to take care that you have first-hand information. Of course, I would not think of doubting the truth of Bob Koch's statements; I merely wish to modify them. There was a time when people, among them myself, feared that I would attain what Bob termed 'premature baldness'. You can imagine the joy with which I inform you that that condition has been remedied. Perhaps some of the credit is due to a certain preparation which our erstwhile T. Boggs Johns declares will do wonders. I think he has much faith in it because it is manufactured in Cleveland. I believe, however, that persistence and patience in using it have accom-

plished the greater part of the change. Cy Lauer and Ted Toben are the judges who have finally agreed that there is a marked improvement. No doubt this news will afford you much relief, at least that is my hope in sending it. Let me thank you, however, for your sympathy, for although it is not usually very effective in growing hair still it is a decided comfort at times.

P. S. Has anybody informed you that Bob Koch has a very serious case of fallen arches?

As the trees and the plants bud and blossom in springtime, so in like manner, Alumni, let your minds blossom into the fruit of sentiments towards your Alma Mater, and give occasion to have these sentiments expressed in the alumni column of the Collegian.

LOCALS

The faculty and students sincerely condole with the Rev. Henry Lucks, C. PP. S., a professor of St. Joseph's College, in the recent death of his beloved mother.

A Personal Letter—Don't Read It!

Collegeville, Indiana,

March 3, 1930.

Hello Everybody!

An extra day in February, it seems, makes a lot of difference insofar as news is concerned. When that month has twenty-nine days it is busy preparing

scandals for the next four years; but when it has only twenty-eight days, anybody will have an extremely hard time to find even a toad that is willing to wag his tail for publicity.

On February ninth the Collegian sponsored an all talkie, "Speedway". There was something wrong with the vitaphone in the auditorium, because nobody could hear a word. It didn't make much difference, however, as everybody enjoyed the picture anyway. Through the courtesy of the Science Department several reels of educational films, dealing with coal and heating problems, were shown before the main flashing was sent to the screen.

It became known recently that the Local Editor of the Collegian got himself into trouble. In the January issue he happened to mention something about "Kelly" in connection with such an awkward stunt as breaking test tubes. Kelly now threatens to bring a suit for libel. In view of the fact that the Collegian has two very able attorneys on its side, it is generally supposed that Kelly will be scared into a "nolle pros".

Some contend that the Local Editor of the Collegian is nothing short of being a mut. Why should he rip up Indiana climate and apparently assume that the "Sun shines always in Ohio"? Not so long ago a letter was circulated by Jack Burkley, that light haired fellow whom everybody remembers as coming from Pompadour, the same fellow, in fact, who spent several days at the home of the Local Editor last summer, and in that letter the following was to be read: "I could not avoid noting the ill-timed slam leveled at the weather of Indiana in the Locals of a certain school journal. Considering the experience that I have gained during the last two

years that I have spent in Ohio, I should very much like to change the name Indiana to that of Ohio in the slanderous wording of those Locals. Why the weather in Ohio gives everybody such horrid rounds at colds that most people croak like toads when they attempt to talk." Now that is taking a look at the question from the other side of the line, but let it go at that.

Last October the Faculty of St. Joseph's postponed the celebration of Columbus Day. Locally, it will be remembered, beyond doubt, how this change fooled old man, Weather, at the time. Well, the old cougar could not be fooled in the same way a second time. Just a few days before Washington's birthday the finest weather prevailed in this neighborhood, but on the day itself it rained. To satisfy the students, the usual free day was postponed until the following Monday. But old man, Weather, was on the look-out. Just as everybody at the college was preparing for a big day on Monday, clouds came along with shower upon shower evidently for no other purpose than to give the old fellow a chance to vent his spite.

The Thirds were determined to celebrate the free day with a big "Dog Roast". Bright and early the Juniors could be seen hiking over the muddy and wet fields to find a suitable place for operations. The dark clouds and the mist did not seem to bother them. But just when one side of the puppies was nice, juicy, and red, on came old man, Weather, with his rain barrel and tried to spoil it all. Of course, one might say that he knows the rest, but he doesn't. Those Juniors kept right on going. The hot dogs were enjoyed in spite of the rain, and the Olympic contests designed to encourage their appetites were

not suspended for a minute. May old Mr. Weather be a little more congenial the next time.

The Fifths, however, had neither clouds nor rain to fear as they enjoyed a luxurious banquet in one of St. Joe's dining halls. The room was decorated with red, white, and blue bunting with "Old Glory" hanging above the chair occupied by Father Paluszak, the guest of honor. The festivity was opened by a phonograph solo played by Mark Kelly. Now things followed as they usually do in the routine of a banquet, only it is not known if the dessert was served first or last, but the cigars did come last. Of course toasts were in order. Joseph Szaniszlo, a budding poet, read his original but beautiful parody on the "Raven". As the best joker, "Gus" Bishop was awarded a handsome and useful gift. After each member of the class had rendered his bit of humor, Father Paluszak brought the affair to a close with several very pleasant and delightful remarks.

One disappointment obtained on the recent free day, namely, the rain prevented the students from going to town. Then, too, a few out of the crowd had made friends with a "Bug". In consequence, they had to spend their time in the infirmary. All of them are known to hate the "Bug" now, and it is real pityful to see them look out of the windows and sing, "Stone walls sure do a prison make, oh, you bug, you bug, you bug!"

It looks like if St. Joseph's will become a famous landing place. While an airplane recently was bouncing around on the road at the rear of the college, an unknown friend was observed to open the door of his Ford and gently kick a hound in the slats right at the entrance of the main drive in order to make the pup land also. Well, the pup did land. If it were

known to whom the pup belongs the owner would receive him back by way of express—collect!

One Sunday afternoon, not so long ago, a regular little forest fire showed up in the woods to the south of the college. Mike Vanecho, a fellow distinguished for keen eyes, quickly discovered the smoke, and the fire was checked before it spread two hundred feet among the young trees in the State Forest Preserve.

About this time of the year it is usual to hear something about cameras being broken when class pictures are taken. Nothing of the kind, however, happened when on the 26th of February the Seniors put on a nice big smile for the photographer from the Gary, Dunes Art Studio. At times, however, the camera would go through some tall gymnastics by way of showing its aversion for the subject before it, but upon recollecting that it had been pointed at worse faces, it would always quiet down again. It is reliably reported that when Aloys Friedrich, alias "Darkness", who hails all the way from South Dakota (the state where canaries sing bass and women are governors) took his turn to see the birdie, it wasn't the camera, but the fuse in the light that could not stand the strain. With the addition of a few more lights, however, a good picture was obtained.

If anybody will take occasion to visit Dwenger Hall, he will find a chance to see good Brother William, the former assistant prefect. Brother William is one of the most interesting persons at St. Joseph's. By his conversation and bearing he shows that he is one of those elderly men who are always in style. Now, since he no longer has the job to look after mischievous students, he finds unending and pleasant company with his much loved books. During the years that he was prefect in one of the studyhalls, he

was given to much reading, but the students felt that he employed but one eye in reading while he kept the other on the look-out for pranks and tricks. Bell ringing was one of his tedious jobs for more than thirty years. One of the students who likes mathematics maintains that during this period of time Brother William rang the bell for studies 221,856.7 times. The decimal fraction, so this fellow claims, is due to inaccurate data on a free day back in 1896. Without doubt, Brother William is the champion bell ringer in the world. Jack Woods may be his possible rival, the jolly entertainer, who amused folks about this place last year by a bell ringing exhibition on the stage. But as a matter of fact, Brother William always got more response to the ring of his single bell than Mr. Woods got with all the "clamor and the clangor" of his forty-nine.

Just by the way;—we had carrots last week!

Well, fellows, it is getting late. I, who have spent so much time on this letter filled with locals, shall now find it necessary to look at my Greek alphabeth for tomorrow. Good night!

Whoop Jug and other felicitations to you.
Vic.

Yes, He is ris'n Who is the First and Last;
Who was and is; Who liveth and was dead;
Beyond the reach of death He now has pass'd,
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head.
—Horatius Bonar, D. O.—He is Risen.

Humility and wisdom are hard to differentiate.—
Austin O'Malley.

ATHLETICS

COLLEGE AGAIN BOWS TO HIGH SCHOOL

A six point lead may be quite a bit at the end of a game, but it usually does not amount to much at the end of the first quarter of a game. The College learnt this fact on February 15, when defeated by the High School 32 to 20. This is the second time this season that the Baker Hall quintet lost to High School.

The College started out with a bang, ringing up seven points in the first quarter to the opponents 1 point. Not to be outdone in the second quarter, the High School scored six points against the College's three points. The score stood 10 to 7 in favor of the Southsiders.

With more pep on the part of the High School and less pep on the part of the College, the second half opened, only to spell defeat for the College. In this half of the game, the scoring trio of Forsee, Koller, and Siebeneck put the pill through the seemingly small ring eleven times; at least the College thought that the ring was very small. The College men, also, were on the floor but their scoring amounted to but ten points, while the Juniors scored twenty-five points. The score stood 32 to 20 when the final horn sounded.

It was a surprise to most fans to see the High School win twice over the College as neither College team in the Senior League has yet been defeated by a High School team.

Lineup:

| High School | Position | College |
|-------------|----------|------------------|
| Forsee (15) | F. | (3) Moore |
| Koller (7) | F. | (2) Gibson |
| Conroy | C. | (1) Maloney |
| Maloney, C. | G. | (4) Sheeran |
| Mayer (2) | G. | (8) Dreiling, B. |

Substitutions—High School: Zahn, Siebeneck (8), Bubala. College: Cross, Mathieu (2).

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

| TEAM | W. | L. | Pct. |
|---------------|----|----|------|
| Fifths ----- | 6 | 0 | 1000 |
| Sixths ----- | 4 | 2 | 666 |
| Fourths ----- | 4 | 3 | 571 |
| Thirds ----- | 2 | 5 | 286 |
| Seconds ----- | 0 | 6 | 000 |

THIRDS BOW TO SIXTHS

After recuperating from the effects of exams, the Sixths took their second victory from the Thirds by a score of 28 to 22. Although the score was closer in the second game than it was in the first game, the Thirds did not play much better in the second than in the first. The closer score was due to the fact that the subs of the Sixths were in during the entire second half of the game.

The Sixths' regulars ran up 22 points in the first half to their opponents' 6 points. Coming back in the second half, the Thirds scored 16 points to 6 of the Sixths' subs.

FIFTHS DEFEAT FOURTHS

The Fifths came a notch closer to winning the

Senior League pennant when they trimmed the Fourths for the second time. The score was 18 to 11. The score is considered low for these two teams since they have good shooters. The first half ended with a 12 to 4 score in favor of the Fifths. The Fourths did show a bit of basketball playing in the second half by scoring 7 points to 6 of the Fifths. This game practically dropped the Fourths from the pennant race.

THIRDS CONQUER SECONDS

On February 14, the Thirds handed the Seconds a valentine in the form of a defeat. The Seconds did not want it but were unable to refuse as the Thirds felt pretty tough that day.

The first half looked almost as if the Thirds would receive a defeat, for the score at the end of the first half was 5 to 3 in favor of the Seconds.

The Thirds came back in the second half well armed with darts so that as a result the Seconds made but 1 goal. The Thirds shot and hit the mark six times during the second half to bring the final count to 15 to 7 in favor of the Thirds.

FIFTHS RUN-DOWN SIXTHS 23-11

The Fifths strengthened their grip on the Senior League pennant and almost have full possession of the pennant since they handed another defeat to the Seniors. The Sixths seemed to be almost helpless against the Fifths running up as they did but one field goal to ten points of the Fifths. Both teams did close guarding through the entire game.

The Fifths have to win but one game to have the pennant entirely in their possession. If, however, the Sixths lose one more game, the pennant will be the Fifths'.

FOURTHS DEFEAT THIRDS IN OVERTIME PERIOD

The first overtime game this season was played between the Fourths and Thirds on Feb. 23. The game was on an even basis throughout. The first half ended with the Fourths on the long end of a 4 to 5 score. In the second half each team came into the game with renewed efforts and determination to walk off the floor with a victory. Lead on by Capt. Vichuras, the Thirds scored 9 points and held the Fourths to 8 points to tie the score with 13 counters for each quintet. In the overtime period, the Thirds failed to break through the Fourths' defence and failed to hold down the Fourths. Koller, forward of the Fourths, sank the winning basket just before the overtime period was up and thus saved the day for the Fourths.

LEADING FIVE

| | G. | F. G. | F. | T. P. |
|-------------------|----|-------|----|-------|
| M. Dreiling ----- | 6 | 33 | 4 | 70 |
| Joe Maloney ----- | 7 | 14 | 9 | 37 |
| Bubala ----- | 7 | 14 | 3 | 31 |
| Koller ----- | 7 | 14 | 2 | 30 |
| B. Dreiling ----- | 6 | 10 | 5 | 25 |

ACADEMIC LEAGUE STANDING

| TEAM | W. | L. | Pct. |
|---------------|----|----|------|
| Fourths ----- | 6 | 0 | 1000 |
| Fifths ----- | 4 | 2 | 666 |
| Sixths ----- | 3 | 3 | 500 |
| Thirds ----- | 1 | 5 | 166 |
| Seconds ----- | 1 | 5 | 166 |

FIFTHS DOUBLE SIXTHS

By just doubling the score of the Sixths, the

Fifths stepped lively and defeated the Sixths by a score of 26 to 13. The score at half was 10 to 7 in favor of the Fifths. Seven of the Sixths points were scored by foul shots but only three foul shots of the Fifths fell good. Rieman, Stock, and Wuest did most of the scoring for the Fifths.

THIRDS NIP SECONDS

On February 10, the Seconds almost won their first victory of the season but fell short by one point. In a close game with as much excitement as could be expected by the size of the crowd that thronged the balcony, the Thirds handed the Seconds a defeat by a score of 14 to 13. At the end of the first half, all hope seemed to be gone for the Seconds for the score was 8 to 2 in favor of the Juniors. Schaleman and Kenney did most of the scoring for the Thirds.

FOURTHS NOSE OUT FIFTHS

The Fifths, without the aid of Mgr. Kienly, were not able to hold the Fourths from taking another victory. In the first half of the battle, the Fifths looked as if they were going to take home the bacon for at the end of the first half the score stood 11 to 4 in favor of the Fifths. Coming back in the second half, the Fourths ran wild over the Fifths and scored nine counters to one of the Fifths. The final count was 13 to 12 in favor of the Fourths.

MIDGET LEAGUE STANDING

| TEAM | W. | L. | Pct. |
|--------------------|----|----|------|
| Basketeurs ----- | 6 | 0 | 1000 |
| Kittens ----- | 4 | 1 | 800 |
| Vikings ----- | 2 | 3 | 400 |
| Boilermakers ----- | 1 | 4 | 200 |
| Aces ----- | 0 | 5 | 000 |

VIKINGS NOSE OUT BOILERMAKERS

The game between the Boilermakers and the Vikings can almost be considered as two different games for, in the first half of the game, the Boilermakers scored 18 points to 6 points of the Vikings. In the second half, things reversed and the Vikings scored 15 points to the Boilermakers' 2 points. The final score stood 21 to 20, in favor of the Vikings. Barton scored sixteen out of the Boilermakers' twenty points.

KITTENS LOSE TO BASKETEERS

The Basketeers easily defeated the Kittens on February 5, by a score of 25 to 7. In the first half, the Basketeers sank five field goals to two of their opponents. In the second half of the game, the Basketeers scored fifteen points and held their opponents to three points.

BASKETEERS TRIM ACES 15-6

The Aces received their second defeat from the Basketeers on February 19, by a score of 15 to 6. Five points were received by the Basketeers in the first half while the Aces went scoreless. In the second half of the battle the Basketeers recorded 10 points against six of the opposing team.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

| TEAM | L. | L. | Pct. |
|---------------------|----|----|------|
| J Eliminators ----- | 3 | 0 | 1000 |
| X's ----- | 1 | 1 | 500 |
| Nordics ----- | 1 | 1 | 500 |
| Texans ----- | 1 | 2 | 333 |
| Toreadors ----- | 0 | 2 | 000 |

TEXANS HUMBLLED BY X'S

By the score of the game between the Texans and X's, one would almost come to the conclusion that a football game was played. The score was 11 to 8 in favor of the X's. Three field goals were scored by the Texans and four by the X's during the entire game. The first half ended with the score 6 to 3 in the Texans' favor.

J ELIMINATORS NOSE OUT TOREADORS

With a smaller score than that of the game between the X's and Texans, the J Eliminators and Toreadors fought out their battle on February 9 with a score of 8 to 7 with the Toreadors holding the small end. All scoring for the J Eliminators was done in the first half while the Toreadors scored five points in this period. The members of the Junior teams must be Scotch for it seems that they do not want to wear out the nets on the baskets.

TURNER HALL

Manager Gengler, with his assistants, is trying to hold up the reputation of last year's turners by organizing teams. There seems, however, to be less interest this season than there was last season, which is evident from the fact that only four teams of five men each have been picked. On account of a late start, only one round of the schedule will be completed.

The turner managers would like to see more College men enjoy themselves on the bars and mats so that a College-High School meet may be put on in the near future.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

GREEK, GREEK, GREEK

(With Apologies to Tennyson's "Break, Break Break.")

Greek, Greek, Greek,

What a bane it is to me!

And I wish that I could have it

Cast out in the deep blue sea.

'Tis well for the regular boy,

That he studies no Greek at all,

But woe is me, who must study that tongue,

Since my love for it is small.

Just a few Greek words impress my mind,

And perhaps 'tis just as well,

For I long and sigh for the death of Greek,

And the toll of its funeral bell.

Greek, Greek, Greek,

Were it drowned in the depths of the sea,

Then the vexing sound of a tongue that is dead,

Would no longer harass me.

The young bride walked into the meat market with a rather brisk strut, and said, "I want a half pound of mince meat and please cut it off a nice tender young mince."

"My grandfather," said the English boy, "was a great man. One day Queen Victoria touched him on the shoulder with a sword and made him a knight."

"Aw, that's nothin'," the American boy replied. "One day an Indian touched my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel."

Farmer: Hello, Si. Say I've got a freak over on my place. A two legged mule.

Neighbor: Yeh, I know it. He came over and visited my daughter last night.

Brown: I don't like this idle gossip about my wife at the boarding house.

Jones: What are you going to do about it?

Brown: I'm going out and kill a few roomers.

Boy: Come quick! There's a man been fightin' my father for more than a half an hour.

Policeman: Why didn't you tell me sooner?

Boy: 'Cause dad was getting the best of him till a few minutes ago.

The wife and daughter of Colonel Berry, camp commander, came to the gate after taps and demanded admission. The sentry objected.

"But my dear man, you don't understand," expostulated the older woman. "We are the Berrys."

"I don't care if you're the cat's whiskers," retorted the sentry. "You can't get in at this hour."

Son: Mother, may I go out to play?

Mother: What, with those holes in your pants?

Son: No, with the boys across the street.

The bargaining for a cow had been going on leisurely for an hour. Finally the prospective purchaser came flatly to the point.

"How much milk does she give?" he asked.

"I don't rightly know," answered the farmer that owned her, "but she's a good natured critter, and she'll give all she can."

Wife: How would you like mother for lunch, dear?

Fed-up-husband: 'Fried.'

Medical Professor: What is the first thing you would do if a patient of yours were blown into the air by an explosion?

Medical Student: Wait for him to come down.

Fresh from college: Have you any opening for a bright, energetic college graduate?

Office manager: Yes, and don't slam it on the way out.

Gillig: Everybody has some peculiarity about himself.

Baron: I don't believe that is psychological.

Gillig: Well I'll prove it to you. How do you sweat?

Baron: Who me? I sweat easy.

Gillig: Now that is a peculiarity, most people sweat water.

Son: I got a lickin' last night on your account, pa.

Father: A licking on my account? What do you mean?

Son: 'Member last night when I asked you how much a German mark is worth.

Father: Yes.

Son: Well 'not worth a damn' is not the right answer.

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